

THE INTER-VEIL

I
Into the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see,
Because the dark had fallen 'twixt them
and me.

II
We passed a lonely out-fire,
And one turned;
Across his eyes an instant
The low light burned,
And in that flash their business I had discerned.

III
But he, the other rider,
Dimly scanned,
Was dark amid the darkness
That held the land—
Only, upon the bridge, I saw his hand.

IV
Out of the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see—
Known for a day, forever unknown to me.
—Elizabeth Foote, in the Century.

THE POPPY BOAT.

THOMAS had turned to leave the room with his mother, but he looked back at me over his shoulder.

"You may come with me in the Poppy Boat," he said, graciously. The Poppy Boat is his, and it travels between here and the Land of Dreams. Thomas has such queer notions about dreams. He thinks, among other things, that you can always choose the people who are going with you, and he never fails to make up his own party every night. This night he chose me, which was a great honor.

"And I'll wait for you at the Bridge," he added, as his mother drew him out of the room. The Bridge is just where you begin to think that in a few minutes you will be asleep. Thomas always plans to meet his Dreamland guests at the Bridge, but sometimes they are so long in coming that he has to go on without them.

I thought perhaps he would not wait for me to-night, because first I had to talk a little with his father, and then his mother came and talked to me; and after all that, I had to go home and get ready for the journey—and it was late—O! so late—before I came to the Bridge.

But although Thomas was impatient, he waited for me.

"And where are we going first?" I asked him.

"To the Baby Land," he said, his face aglow, "to find a baby sister." And so we started off.

The Poppy Boat is like a poppy flower. You sit in the middle, and then, if you are cold, you draw the petals up over your head. The river is blue and quiet, and there are many other Poppy Boats which are gliding around here and there all over it. One of them drifted up by us. In the middle of it was something very tiny and very fair. I held my breath when I saw what it was. "Thomas," I whispered, "she's from the Baby Land! Perhaps she's a little sister."

Thomas waved his hand to her, and she waved hers back very prettily. So Thomas guided our boat until it came closer to hers. I wish you could have seen her boat. It was pink—not red, like ours—and the petals were soft and satiny and so delicately shaded. And they were drawn up close around her, as if she felt that the night was cold.

Thomas leaned over gently and pushed the petals back. "Are you a baby sister?" he demanded, eagerly.

She nodded a baby head at him. "I'm just going home," she told him.

"We are just going there, too," he assured her. "Come on along home with us." She said she would, and Thomas clapped his hands.

"Let's find my mother and tell her," he suggested.

"She's around here somewhere." And Thomas held his hand out to the little sister, who put a dear baby hand into his. And so the two boats came together, and we drifted on.

"Do you know where your mother goes in her Poppy Boat?" I asked Thomas.

He thought a moment. "Sometimes she goes with me," he said, "and sometimes with father. Sometimes she goes where they build houses, and sometimes where they make dresses, and sometimes—"

"If she goes to so many places, we'll have to hunt all over to find her," I said, "and so we better begin right away."

Thomas drew his forehead into puckers, which means that he is thinking hard. "Dresses first," he announced, finally; "she's been talking about them."

Sure enough, so she had, and to me, that very night. "Do you know where they make dresses?" I asked the baby sister.

Yes, she did, and if we wanted to go there, all we had to do was to say, "Dresses! Three dresses! To dresses I want to go!" and then we'd be there; but if we didn't say it just right—if we should get it all mixed up and say, for instance, "Dresses! Two dresses! Three dresses I want to go!" or "Four dresses!" or anything like that, there was no telling where you'd go to, the baby sister said.

Thomas picked it up immediately, without a bit of trouble, and before she had fairly finished telling me about it, he had said the whole thing, just exactly right, and was drifting away from me in his boat, and I was floating away from him in another boat which

had mysteriously appeared under me from somewhere.

"Thomas! Thomas!" I cried to him in dismay. "Five dresses! Six dresses! All the dresses you want, Thomas, if you'll come back!" But he had gone so far that I could only just see him, a wee little speck on the edge of the water, next to the sky, and I was all alone.

Then I racked my brain to think how it was you said those things about dresses, but I couldn't remember. The more I tried to remember the more I forgot. Presently I forgot what it was I was trying to remember, and just drifted along, not thinking of anything in particular. I met several people I knew, but no body was going in my direction. And after a while the river narrowed until it was just a thread, the trees came down closer to the edge and I could hear the singing of birds and the chirping of crickets, and all sorts of land sounds. Then suddenly, but gently, my boat pushed on the shore and stopped.

"Do I get out now?" I asked of nobody in particular. And nobody answered, so I got out, anyway.

I had only to take one look about me to be sure that I was in a pleasant place; flowers were under my feet; the sky was blue above my head; the air was sweet and sunny, and yet I was not contented.

"Whatever is the matter with me?" I scolded myself. "Here I am, in a lovely place, clothed and in my 'I stopped myself immediately. 'That's just exactly it!' I exclaimed. 'Clothes is just what I want. Let me see—what was that I wanted to say? Oh, yes—I have it now!' And I shouted triumphantly, 'Clothes! Three clothes! To clothes I want to go!' And away I went in my Poppy Boat.

I had not yet remembered about Thomas, or his mother, or the baby sister. I was simply interested in the scenery as I went along. There were heaps of dark things along the coast that looked like rocks. "It's a rock-bound coast," I exclaimed to myself. "I've heard of such things before." But they were not rocks—they were piles of old clothes.

"Now, what did I want to come here for?" was my first and only question as my feet touched the beach, and I could find no answer to it. I wandered around for a little while, and then I stepped into my boat and drifted away. Where I went I do not now remember. But I heard from Thomas the next day.

"I know where mother went last night," he called to me, running into our house soon after breakfast.

"You don't!" I exclaimed. For who ever heard of so astounding a bit of knowledge as that?

"In the Baby Land!" he shouted, fairly dancing in his joy. "And the baby sister is at our house now!"

"No!" I said, unbelievingly.

"You come and see," he said, drawing me by the hand. And I went; and it was just as Thomas said—Helen Lockwood Coffin, in the Club Woman.

HEALTH FADS ON THE BRAIN.

To get all sorts of health fads on the brain is a disease in itself. It is a very prevalent disease, too. With a few foolish rules to observe, a whole lot of hygienic quirks to adjust to and a schedule of superstitions, sanitary notions diligently followed by day and dreamed of by night is a malady which begins as a mental derangement and ends in a complete physical fizzle.

No room left for a spontaneous life, no place for free, joyous liberty. Not a minute's space for rollicking disregard. Everything fixed, every minute disposed of in introspections without number. Forebodings, misgivings, hovering vaguely about the mind like flocks of carrion crows.

Such a life is not worth living. One might a thousand times better go back to the reckless regime of a rough rider.—Medical Talk.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

American mothers know in the range of their gentle appreciation just where to find and emphasize the gayety, daintiness, the sweet helplessness of very littlehood. A great deal of the inner truth of things may reside in the arrangement of curls and sashes; the most beautiful intuition may be betrayed in the cut of a pinafore. Even the much criticised precociousness of American children reflects in some degree their excellent understanding with their mothers. There is no doubt an extraordinary stimulus in being met more than half way from the very first day of life; it must wonderfully help to an early basis of general understanding with the world. Other factors may contribute less desirably to the quick development of American children, but this one cannot fail to be there.—Mrs. Eversard Cotes, in Good Housekeeping.

ARTISTS AND ALBUMS.

Ada Rehan's favorite autograph motto is, "Now, I am in holiday humor." She gives this to all of those she honors with more than a mere autograph. Ignace Paderewski is very likely to write no more than "Je souviens de Ignace Paderewski," unless he feels especially cordial to the person. Then he will write the music of the lullaby from "Marrin," or a few bars of his minuet, *Jol Plaqueon*, for his friends, gives his "amities," but coldly writes for strangers, "Pol Esplanon."

Sometimes the artists have their own formulas and need no suggestion as to what they should write. For forty years Adelina Patti has been writing "A beautiful voice is the gift of God." In whatever country she might be and whatever might be the language spoken in it, she steadfastly wrote only this phrase.

Nowadays she rarely writes in albums or troubles herself to give photographs to anybody, unless the books are brought by some very influential friend. But during her last visit here she did consent to write in a few albums. In every one appeared in a hand, still firm and legible, the motto, "A beautiful voice is the gift of God."

Mme. Sembrich usually writes "In kind remembrance" on photographs, unless for very particular friends she transcribes on the photograph the notes of the Chopin waltz she sings so much.—Indianapolis News.

GOWN FOR BRIDE'S MOTHER.

A handsome gown for the bride's mother to wear at the wedding of her daughter may be fashioned of soft gray silk or voile, trimmed with rich lace of a deep cream color, vest and lingerie sleeves of white chiffon, trimmings of cut steel beads and touches of violet and black embroidery on the bodice. Or the embroidery may be of black and white.

The stylish toque or bonnet should be of black or tulle, the edge and crown embroidered in steel and jet, black and white ostrich position and aigrette of paradise plumes.

If preferred the gown may be of black ring-dotted net embroidered with jets and worn over a lining of white silk, preferably peau de soie. The toque may be of black and white tulle, jet ornaments, black and white tips.

Delicate heliotrope silk, voile or one of the new crepes with trimmings of Venice lace dyed to match, cream white chiffon and inserted motifs of heliotrope, cream, gold and black are the other combinations suggested which would be entirely suitable.

While the latest fashion demands horizontal trimmings a woman inclined to embonpoint will eschew this mode and insist largely upon vertical lines. A skirt with a narrow front panel with side and back gores pleated at the top will be becoming. Outline the front panel and foot of skirt with a band of trimming, and the drop shoulder yoke and narrow vest to match, or, with set-in lace. Have a narrow crush girdle carefully boned and closely fitted.

WHENCE COMES IT.

When a small magnet kept in a drawer has been ready to act on a compass any time during the last twenty years, and has not altered its appearance in any appreciable way, whence comes the continuous supply? Again, when a lady has had for a great many years a cedar work-box, which has never failed of its characteristic odor, it is a natural question to ask, whence comes the smell? The statement in text books both of physics and physiology is that something material is given off from the wood which alights on the olfactory membrane of the nose. This is purely gratuitous, as the statement is without a shadow of proof, the box being to all appearances in no way diminished in size or otherwise altered. If the hypothesis, for it is nothing more, fails, how does the case differ in principle from that of radium?

DOING EUROPE.

Facilities for traveling nowadays are so accelerated that it is quite possible for the tourist to pass through five European countries in fourteen hours, barring accidents—namely, England, France, Belgium, Germany and Holland. Take the express from Charing Cross to Dover and cross over to Calais—two countries. Then with the intercontinental express you proceed to Brussels—three countries. From the Belgian capital by train to Aix-la-Chapelle, which is German territory, making the fourth country, and after allowing time for a meal a drive to Waals, in Holland, makes the fifth country—and all in fourteen hours.



Man's Love Versus Woman's

By Helen Oldfield

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To this there would appear to be but one answer. Feeling cannot be measured excepting by results, and even this measure is but partial.

Some men love more deeply than other men, more devotedly than some women, and vice versa. It seems the fashion of late to insist upon analyzing feelings and emotions, to strive to grasp the impalpable, to discuss men and women as though they were of different species instead of one flesh, members, all, of the same family. Humanity is much the same, male and female. At one time so wholly selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, of its own trials, vexations and sufferings; at another it will welcome the greatest sacrifices for the sake of the beloved. It is truthful, yet suspicious; timid, yet bold; humble, yet arrogant. One moment it is reproachful and complaining; at another it pours forth praises and tender protestations. Weeping one hour and smiling and singing the next, no one knows what to expect of it nor what phase it may assume. All this applies as well to men as to women, and none can determine upon which side the balance sways lowest.

The balance of proof of strong and irresistible affection, as evidenced by desperate deeds, such as murder and suicide, is largely upon the masculine side of the ledger. But against this fact may be charged another—namely, that a man may, if he be so disposed, shout his love from the housetops. People may consider him a fool and suspect him of lunacy, but since love is not infrequently accounted madness, he will have no such measure of scorn and contempt meted out to him as is the portion of the woman who openly parades an unrequited attachment. Tradition and custom are inflexible in demanding that she shall be silent in such case and hide her wound, however painful. It is as instinctive with a woman as with a wounded deer to creep to cover when hurt through the heart.

No one can dispute the fact that men often love devotedly and suffer cruelly from the inconstancy or heartlessness of women, but fate, here as in many other things, is on their side and against the woman. A man has many resources, chief among which is his business, for hard work is a sovereign antidote for mental troubles. He can get away from the familiar places which speak constantly of his sorrow, can make himself a new life and create a new atmosphere; while the woman, poor soul, must usually "stay put," with no chance of escape from her ghosts nor ability to seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Woman's faith and unfaith, man's unshaken truth and man's contemptible treachery, these are to-day, as they have been from the beginning, the never-failing theme of poet and romancer, the threads interwoven with all human history, the underlying currents of life and love. Some ships are wrecked and others arrive safely at their desired haven, and none can prophesy beforehand which shall be saved and which shall be lost.

Every Man's Ear Tells the Story of His Life

By Loeb Weintrob

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The principal thing to notice is the convolution inside of the ear, whether the ear protrudes from the head or is close to the same, and whether it is large or small.

If the convolution is well in evidence, healthy in color, and running parallel to the rim, you will always find keen intelligence.

If the rim of the ear is thick, turning over on the inner convolution, it denotes a thick skull. The brain has not yet fully expanded.

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There is an ear that is often mistaken for a sign of the harmonious temperament. The rim has no particular point in evidence more than another—almost round. The interior of the ear is pretty well developed, but not very prominent and defined—rather meaty, and of a healthy color, with fair-sized lobes. The people who have such ears are at all times satisfied with themselves, and most of the time with everybody else. They are neither mental nor physical giants, and less so in a spiritual direction; but they strike a good balance between the individual who is in a tremendous hurry to go to Heaven and the one who is running post-haste to the other place.

The ear that has the upper part developed (judging from the opening, which is the centre), and narrow at the base, without any indication of a lobe, indicates activity and industry in the direction in which the ear points, but those who have this ear suffer from malnutrition.

An individual with an ear like this must be judicious in the selection of his foods. The theory that to eat a potful of peas and be able to lift an ox, and to eat the ox and not be able to lift the pot of peas, may not be as foolish as it sounds, in their case.

Be that as it may, the diet of peas will not suit the people with a fair-sized lobe on their ears and a fair width at the base. The larger the lower half of the ear the keener is the relish for the good things of mother earth. Whether they will share their substance with others depends on how large the upper half of the ear is.

The perfect ears are those that have fair and shapely development, with a broad and prominent convolution running parallel to a fine rim all the way around, a fair-sized lobe and the cavity in the centre not obstructed. The whole ear is not too low toward the jawbone, nor too high up, of a good color and when viewed in profile with an inclination to point upward and forward.

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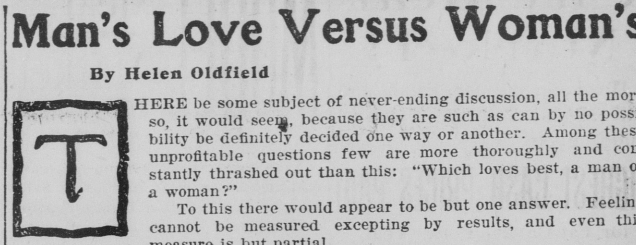
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It is difficult to make the ardent lover realize that his love can never be reciprocated, and whether the man hovers around her or goes right away the girl has a trying time keeping the unpleasant part out of her mind. If she has tasted of love herself, the proposal from the wrong man means untold misery to a girl.

Perhaps it happens her own love is unreturned, unsought, unknown, and yet she sees a love equaling her own being poured out at her feet, and knows that by no will of hers can she take it up, care it, and treasure it as all true love should be treasured.

She has to wound the man who would give his life for her, to gently crush out all the sweetness of his high hopes. To fail to do it completely would spell prolonged trouble to them both. Her task is difficult, but with an infinite tact born of pity, she will do what she knows to be right; she will send this lover away, and try hard to overcome the sadness that is left behind for her to battle with.—New York News.



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